

The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED. IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

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VOL. 36.—No. 2.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1858.

PRICE 4d.
STAMPED 5d.

MISS JULIA BLEADEN has removed to 34, Alfred-place, Bedford-square.

PICCO, the Sardinian Minstrel, has returned from Ireland, where his performances have met with the most triumphant success. For engagements, address, 42, Church-road, Kingsland.

MAD. ELIZA POMA (late Miss Townsend), from Her Majesty's Theatre, having also sang for upwards of three years in the first theatres of Italy, Spain, and Portugal, is in London to accept engagements for concerts, oratorios, or operas. Address, No. 8, Golden-square.

SIGNORA FUMAGALLI, SIGNOR DI GIORGI, and Mr. Charles Braham, will sing at Windsor on Tuesday, January 12; Maidenhead, January 13; Marlow, January 14; and Henley-on-Thames, January 15. Conductor, Signor Vianesi.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The Lent Term commences on Monday, January 18th, 1858.

Candidates for admission must attend at the Institution for examination on Saturday, January 16th, at 3 o'clock.

Royal Academy of Music; By order of the Committee of Management, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, J. GIMSON, Secretary. January 7th, 1857.

MISS JULIA ST. GEORGE'S SONGS.—Sung by her in "Home and Foreign Lyrics." The most attractive entertainment of the day—vide public press. The whole of the music by J. F. Duggan. Hartmann and Co., 88, Albany-street, N.W., and all Music-sellers.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. — PICCOLOMINI, SPEZIA, SAUNIER, ALDIGHIERI, BELLETTI, VIALETTI, LUCHESE, and GIUGLINI. Their successive representations having been received with enthusiasm, "IL TROVATORE," "LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO," "LA FAVORITA," and "LA TRAVIATA" will be repeated on Tuesday next, January 12, Wednesday, January 13, Thursday, January 14. No FREE LIST.

Prices:—Pit Stalls, 12s 6d.; Boxes (to hold four persons), Pit and One Pair, 42 2s.; Grand Tier, 43 3s.; Two Pair, 41 5s.; Three Pair, 10s.; Gallery Boxes, 10s.; Gallery Stalls, 3s. 6d.; Gallery, 2s.; Pit, 3s. 6d.

Applications to be made at the Box Office at the Theatre.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN has graciously signified her intention of honouring with her presence a SERIES of FOUR FESTIVAL PERFORMANCES, intended to be presented at the period of the approaching NUPTIALS of Her Royal Highness the PRINCESS ROYAL with His Royal Highness the PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM OF RUSSIA.

The general arrangements are under the direction of Mr. Mitchell, in co-operation with Mr. Lumley, and favoured by the assistance of the following Managers of the Metropolitan Theatres:—

Mr. Smith	Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.
Mr. Buckstone	Haymarket Theatre.
Mr. Webster	Adelphi Theatre.
Mr. Harrison and Miss Pyne ..	Lyceum Theatre.
Mr. Robson and Mr. Emden ..	Olympic Theatre.
AND	
Mr. Phelps	Sadler's Wells Theatre.

The Programme will comprise the following entertainments:—

On Tuesday, January 19.—**MACBETH.** Produced under the direction of Mr. Phelps. Macbeth, Mr. Phelps; Lady Macbeth, Miss Helen Faucit. With Locke's incidental music under the direction of Mr. Benedict. And Mr. Oxenford's farce of **TWICE KILLED**, in which Mr. and Mrs. Keeley will perform.

Thursday, January 21.—Balfé's new opera, **THE ROSE OF CASTILLE**, by Miss Pyne, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Weiss, and the Operatic Company of the Lyceum Theatre. Conductor, Mr. A. Mellon. And a comic afterpiece.

Saturday, January 23.—An Italian opera, by Mlle. Piccolomini, Sig. Giuglini, and the principal artists of Her Majesty's Theatre. With a Ballet Divertissement, and a Festival Cantata, composed by Howard Glover.

Fourth Performance.—An English Comedy, by Mr. Buckstone's Company of the Haymarket Theatre. And an afterpiece, in which Mr. Wright and members of the Adelphi Company will perform.

Admission to the pit (for which a limited number of tickets will be issued), half-a-guinea; gallery stalls (reserved and numbered), 6s.; gallery, 3s.

Applications for boxes, orchestra stalls, and tickets to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre, and at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

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Registers are kept for the gratuitous inspection of Managers, containing entries of the names of vocal and instrumental artists wanting engagements, with all necessary particulars, &c.

MUSICAL REFEREE.—M. W. Balfé, Esq., Cork-street, Burlington-gardens; Signor Schira, 17, Princes-street, Hanover-square; Jules Benedict, Esq., 2, Manchester-square.

MEDICAL REFEREE.—John Hastings, Esq., M.D., 14, Albemarle-street.

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December 31, 1857.

PIANOFORTES.—DEWRANCE'S COMPENSATING

PIANO may now be seen at the depot, 33, Soho-square. By the application of this principle a heavier string can be used, the result of which is, that the full power of a grand is obtained from a cottage instrument, at the same time the wires and the frame on which they are strung expand and contract with change of temperature equally and together, so that the necessity for frequent tuning, as in the ordinary instrument, is entirely obviated. For fulness and roundness of tone, with extraordinary powers of modulation, these instruments are quite unequalled, at the same time the price is no higher than that of an ordinary piano.

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MUSICAL DIRECTORY FOR 1858.

CONTENTS:

1. Almanack with musical data and blank spaces.
2. List of Musical Societies throughout the kingdom.
3. Musical Transactions of the past year.
4. The Names of Professors, Music-sellers, and Musical Instrument Manufacturers throughout the kingdom, with their Addresses, etc.
5. List of Music (copyright only) published between the 30th November, 1856, and the 30th November, 1857.

Messrs. Rudall, Rose, Carte and Co. will be glad to receive information on the above heads, with any names omitted, corrected addresses, lists of music, advertisements, &c.

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2. " "	4 0	12. " F	6 0
3. " G	4 6	13. " "	5 6
4. " "	4 0	14. " B flat	6 0
5. " E minor	4 0	15. " "	7 6
6. " "	4 6	16. " "	5 6
7. " D	5 6	17. " E flat	6 0
8. " A	3 6	18. " "	7 0
9. " "	4 0	19. " "	4 6
10. " "	5 0		

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"WHEN O'er THE MEADOWS GREEN" (une plainte), by E. Vivier (sung by Madame Viardot)	3 0
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REVIEWS.

"THE CLASSICAL PIANIST" (used at the Royal Academy of Music)—a selection of movements from the works of the great masters—edited by BRINLEY RICHARDS (Honorary Member, Associate, and Professor of the Royal Academy of Music).

If any one were allowed to take down, at random, from the shelves of the library in Tenterden-street, four-and-twenty pieces of music, and bind them in two volumes, without reference to classification of difficulty or style, the two volumes would precisely represent the above collection, to which the name of Mr. Brinley Richards is affixed as editor. That the contents are varied and of great interest we admit; but we should have welcomed them more heartily had they been presented simply as "Two Volumes of Classical Music for the Pianoforte *solus*, with a preface and fingering by Brinley Richards." The N.B. on the title-page, as it stands—"This selection is expressly designed as an introduction to the elaborate compositions of the classical writers"—becomes anomalous when it is observed, first, that so many of these "elaborate compositions" are in the selection, and secondly, that there is no "design" at all in the method of their compilation. This is not so much "book-making" as book-remaking. No doubt the majority of pieces comprised in *The Classical Pianist* already formed part of the catalogue of the publishers—one of the richest in the trade; and who can blame them for endeavouring to call general attention to such admirable music? But this might have been done without having recourse to a subterfuge. And now to the more agreeable task of "counting out" the treasures which Mr. Brinley Richards has deposited, in two sacks—containing silver, gold, precious stones, and brass, indiscriminately—at our feet. Mr. Richards' preface includes many sensible observations—but one or two platitudes, of which the opening sentence is an instance:—

"To every one really desirous of becoming an accomplished pianist, as well as a good musician, some knowledge of the works of the classical composers is absolutely indispensable," &c.

"Some," indeed. Mr. Richards should know that the "some" of knowledge is insufficient; and the fact that he presents us with so much, in his two volumes, proves that he is quite aware of the fact. The first volume opens, freshly, with Mozart's melodious variations on a theme in A, which everybody will recognise by the following:—



Next comes Dussek's once famous, always graceful and pretty, sonata in B flat, Op. 24 (dedicated to Mrs. Chinnery), the commencement of which—



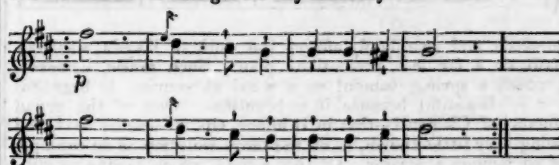
always (we cannot tell why), reminds us of the opening of Beethoven's sonata in F, Op. 10:—



with which, however, it has nothing else in common. The third piece is the *Moonlight Sonata* (in C sharp, minor, Op. 29) of Beethoven, which needs no description, since it is indescribably beautiful. Weber's sonata in C major, Op. 24, succeeds. The contrast between Weber's Op. 24 and Dussek's Op. 24 is worth consideration, not merely as showing the difference of the ages in which they lived, but of the men who lived in the ages. If any of our pianist-readers have forgotten this fine, impetuous, and very unequal composition of the author of *Der Freischütz*, the opening of the last and best movement—the conduct of which shows almost the fluency of Mendelssohn—will at once recall it.



Next comes the *Sonata Pastorale* (in D) of Beethoven, Op. 28, wherein both Dussek and Weber are left far in the rear, and the genuine loveliness of which almost entitles it to be called the little sister of the *Pastoral Symphony*. The sonata is just as "pastoral" as the symphony—subjectively in the deeply-moving *Allegro*, objectively in the Minuet and Rondo. The shepherd's pipe and the shepherd's loves are in every page—more vividly suggested to the mind than by a thousand *Pastor Fidos*, or a million *Galateas*. Hear the monotonous little burden of the trio—which never changes for any harmony—



and the delicious outbreak of the final rondo—as genial in its way as the first chorus in Handel's *Acis*:—



Hummel's pale muse can only listen hopelessly to such strains as these; and yet the very long, very diffuse, very brilliant, and very difficult sonata in D major (Op. 106,)* which sets out thus—



has many good points, and as a study for mechanism is invaluable. This sonata is one of the least known to pianists, out of the Academy (the sonatas in E flat, F minor, and F sharp minor being more generally consulted), and Mr. Richards did well to put it in one of the sacks, although, if his title-page meant anything—"A selection of movements from the works of the great masters"—he might have been satisfied to present the

* What a difference between Hummel's Op. 106 and Beethoven's Op. 106!

scherzo all'antico, and the *finale allegro vivace*—which are the best parts of the sonata—as specimens. Up to this point, however, instead of “a selection of movements,” we have had a selection of complete works.

After the elaborate effort of Hummel comes Haydn's sonata, p. 78, in E flat:—



chiefly remarkable for being the most extended composition of its kind which the great father of Symphony has left us, and for the peculiarity (a peculiarity in Haydn) of its *adagio* being in E—half a tone higher than the movement that precedes it. Those hitherto unacquainted with this sonata* must not expect to find in it anything comparable to the master's best symphonies and quartets, or they will be disappointed. Mozart's melodious and charming sonata in F major—



succeeds, and completely effaces the work of Haydn, although built on a far less pretentious plan. Such music, however, pure as a spring, tuneful as a wood at sunrise, is beautiful *per se*—beautiful because it is beautiful. One of the grand sonatas of Clementi—that in D minor, Op. 50—comes next, and being very little known, is all the more welcome as an example of so famous a master. Of this sonata, which begins as subjoined—



the last movement—*allegro con fuoco*—is perhaps the best. The whole is, however, instinct with the author's manner—a manner quite as marked as that of Weber or Mendelssohn. It presents the poverty of melodic invention nearly always remarkable in the second *motivi* of Clementi's movements, and investing them with a certain monotony; but (and for this reason it is a favourite with many) it contains no instance of that eternal two-part canon, which, whenever his imagination is at a stand-still, comes in to usurp the place of what, under happier inspiration, might have been occupied by real music. This canonic device of Clementi is sometimes a bore.

The so-called “*Grand Pastorale*” of John Field (Anglo-Russian Field) in E major, beginning thus:—



* Which Professor Bennett, many years since, included in his well-known “Classical Practice.”

is a favourable example of the class of music to which it belongs and which alone its composer was capable of writing; but it has had its day, and was hardly, we think, worth reviving—a certain Daphne-Chloe-Amaryllis sort of sentiment, as *fade* as it is elegant, being its sole expressive characteristic. Field was a man of refined talent, but still nothing much better, than a musical carpet-knight. The sonata in A (Op. 25) of Clementi—



is not so striking an example of his productive genius as the one just noticed; but being fluent, masterly, undefaced by two-part canons, and very little known in the bargain, will be hailed with satisfaction by the lovers of classical pianoforte music.

The first volume concludes with the genial and vigorous sonata of Mozart in D—



which contains the *rondo alla polacca*, and a *finale* consisting of a theme and (12) variations.

It will be seen that, up to this point, the compilation of Mr. Richards has no definite plan whatever—not even the plain and simple one of progressive difficulty.

(To be continued.)

“KNOSE-BLUTHE-FRUCHT”—SONATE für das pianoforte—componirt und ihrer Königlichen Hoheit der Frau Prinzessin von Preussen ehrethetvoll und unterthänigst gewidmet, von LEO KERBUSCH.

We have given the title in full. With regard to the sonata itself, we can only say that whoever advised Herr Kerbusch to print so crude an essay was a sorry counsellor. Herr Kerbusch is stated to be a pupil of Spohr. Perhaps the publication of this sonata of his disciple may have served to precipitate the retirement of the venerable *Altmeister* into private life.

“RONDO FROM MOZART'S QUINTET, No. 5,” arranged as a pianoforte duet by Joseph McMurdie, Mus. Bac. Oxon.

Bachelor McMurdie would have rendered a still greater service to music-teachers had he arranged the whole of the E flat quintet, instead of only a single movement. What he has done, however, is done well. The rondo makes a charming duet, and the oftener it is played by young ladies, no less than by young gentlemen, the better for both.

“BRINLEY RICHARDS' COMPLETE TUTOR FOR THE PIANOFORTE.”

As it is the fashion now-a-days for almost every professor of eminence to publish an instruction-book, with his name to it (if it be not always of his own compiling), it would be strange were so popular a teacher as Mr. Brinley Richards without one. When we add that his “Tutor” is just as well considered and just as useful as nine out of ten of the elementary works we have been noticing for a dozen years past, we have said all that is necessary beyond noticing the fact of its appearance.

Of course, like all its predecessors, this book lays claim to something unprecedented and peculiar to itself, either in detail or in general arrangement; but if it be true that there is nothing new under the sun, we need scarcely look for novelty in a pianoforte tutor.

"BRINLEY RICHARDS' OCTAVE STUDIES"—for the Pianoforte. Dedicated to Cipriani Potter, Esq.

THESE studies—four in number—are not merely good for practice but attractive in themselves—*quand même*. The last more especially (in F minor) is one of the best compositions we remember to have seen from the pen of Mr. Richards.

"A SERIES OF SHORT PRELUDES"—for the Pianoforte—by Brinley Richards.

If preluding does not come by nature (like reading and writing—according to Dogberry) we doubt if it can ever be taught. Admitting the contrary, however, these short *jeux de doigts* of Mr. Richards, which embrace the keys most frequently in use, are as likely as anything we know of the sort to help the learner. In the preface there is a clause which requires explanation:—

"The second series consists of four chords. A variety of preludes are constructed upon these chords, but from their being *always the same*, they are easily retained in the memory."

Which—the preludes or the chords?

"IM WALD UND FLUR"—Troisième suite de "Promenades d'un Solitaire," pour le piano—à son ami, Walter Stewart Broadwood—par Stephen Heller (Op. 89).

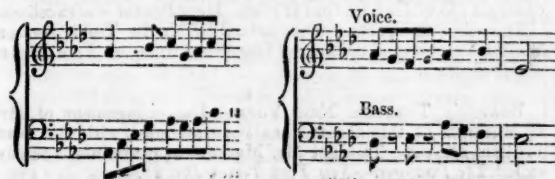
From the six pieces comprised in this third series of the *Promenades d'un Solitaire* the admirers of M. Heller's music will, we think, be likely to select No. 1 in B flat, and No. 4 in G minor, as their favorites. Although there is no mistaking the hand that penned them, the strong indications of the composer's manner are accompanied by musical beauties of a high order, which will repay all the pains bestowed on mastering the difficulties they contain. The pastoral feeling is sustained throughout the first of these, in spite of its capricious changes of time, with great felicity. The style of the other is agitated and passionate, but it is planned just as largely and finished with a care as fastidious as its companion. Nos. 2, 3, 5 and 6 (in D minor, D major, F, and A) seem to have proceeded less freely from the pen of the composer, and, besides excess of mannerism, betray evidences of labour not perceptible in the two we have singled out for preference. They form, however, capital studies, and (like all M. Heller produces) present many interesting points of harmony and modulation. In these barren times anything written with such earnestness must be welcome to genuine amateurs.

"HIGHLAND JESSIE, THE HEROINE OF LUCKNOW." Song. Dedicated to Lady Havelock. Words by D. M. Aird. Music by T. Browne.

MR. AIRD and Mr. Browne, together, with the aid of some snatches of Scottish war tunes, have made a by no means ineffective song out of the romantic episode of Jessie Browne. As the "profits" are to be given to the Indian Relief Fund, let us hope they may be considerable.

"BEAUTIFUL MORN." Song. Written by J. W. Barlow, Esq. Sung by Mrs. Endersohn. Composed by Thomas Graham.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Barlow does make form rhyme with morn, his lines are really poetical and far beyond the common standard of such things. The music of Mr. Graham is laboured and somewhat dull; added to which there are several points demanding revision, as for example:—



besides a terrible engraver's error, which—on reference to page 8, line 2, bar 1—will be detected at a glance. Mr. Graham apparently writes with a serious intent to do his best; and for that reason we have considered his song worthy of criticism.

"LAND AND SEA" (words by J. C. Prince)—"THE KELPIE'S BRIDE" (words by A. Erskine Murray, Esq.)—Songs—Composed by J. Dürner.

The first a barcarole, the second a legend—both charming—charming alike because their melodies are genial, and because their accompaniments betray the experienced hand and refined taste of a musician. We have no preference for one over the other, but admire them both—"The Kelpie's bride" for its expression, "Land and Sea" for its spontaneousness. If our singers of chamber music would occasionally turn to such healthy unaffected songs as these, they would be enabled to vary their resources most agreeably.

"LES VÊPRES SICILIENNES"—for pianoforte, solus—edited by Rudolf Nordmann.

A regular feast for those lovers of Verdi's music who are players without being singers. The whole of the opera is here arranged, and effectively arranged, for a pair of hands—not a song, a dance, or a chorus omitted. Verdi does not lose so much by being stripped of his orchestral and *concertante* accessories as other masters who labour with greater assiduity at refining and elaborating their scores. He writes simply, and if we have his melodies under hand, the rest is scarcely missed. The *Vêpres Siciliennes* forms No. 12 of "Standard Foreign Operas for piano solo," and is likely to prove, among other reasons for the one we have stated, as attractive as any of them.

No. 1, "REMEMBRANCE" (theme with variations.) No. 2, "CALLISTA" (*chant de martyre*.) No. 3, "AUGUSTA" (*melodie expressive*.) No. 4, "RONDO CAVATINA" (*morceau de salon*), for the pianoforte. By William Schulthes.

Of these elegant and highly-finished pieces we prefer the first and last—because, though neither more graceful nor better written than the others, they contain matter which may be accepted as the composer's own; whereas "Callista" and "Augusta" are merely the reflections of a type so worn that a fresh impression cannot easily be obtained from it.

The variations (No. 1) are not only excellent in themselves, but founded upon a really melodious theme, while their very moderate difficulty places them within reach of the great crowd of performers. The *morceau de salon* (No. 4) is more difficult, and on a much more extended plan. The idea upon which this brilliant little piece is "*motivé*" is extremely happy, and though somewhat diffusely elaborated and in some measure lost sight of in the *coda*, entitles Herr Schulthes to the credit (now so rare) of having hit upon something new. The "Rondo-Cavatina," in short, is worth the attention of intelligent pianists, since it is not merely showy and effective, but sterling *well-made* music.

"OLD ENGLISH DITTIES," selected from Chappell's collection of "Popular Music of the Olden Time," arranged with symphonies and accompaniments by G. A. MACFARREN. (Part 4.)

If the "popular music of the olden time" does not (in time) become "popular" once more, it is not the fault of Mr. W. Chappell, who, with his able colleague Mr. Macfarren, is working so zealously to bring it into modern repute. The specimens of melody—genuine melody—which the present issue of this valuable series contains are as frequent and as striking as in any of its predecessors. Part 4 contains "The Queen of May," "Dulce Domum," "O, came you from Newcastle?" (the words

very skilfully completed, from a fragment—by the late Mr. Macfarren), "King John and the Abbot" (the old ballad judiciously compressed by Mr. Oxenford), "Dear Kitty," "Light of Love," "Cold and raw's the wind without," "Rouse thee, young knight," "The Beggar-boy," "Early one morning," "Drink to me only with thine eyes," "Come Lasses and Lads"—all good tunes, and some absolutely beautiful—tunes, indeed, which, in the present day, are seldom approached, much seldomer equalled, in geniality. The words to which five of these old tunes are set (from "Dear Kitty" to "The Beggar-boy" inclusive) are from the pen of Mr. John Oxenford. They belong to the highest order of lyric poetry, and we should like to quote them all for the benefit of our readers; but circumscribed space forbids, and we must be satisfied with one, for which we can find no other epithet than perfection:—

"Cold and raw's the night without;
The winds, so loudly brawling,
Greet the winter with a shout,
And well he hears their calling.
A tent of clouds above their king
The busy winds are spreading:
The snow-flakes at his feet they fling,
A carpet for his treading.

"Bright and warm's the night within;
The log is burning clearly;
Well it answers yonder din,
By crackling loud and cheerily.
We gather closely round the fire;
The young of love are telling;
The old bring tales of goblins dire,
In haunted castles dwelling.

"Silly souls are old and young,
And silly plans employ them;
Idle hopes can make them strong,
And idle fears annoy them.
I'm weary of the ceaseless talk,
Hate, love, and fear together;
So out at yonder door I'll walk,
And meet the winter weather."

It has for some time been a favourite belief with us that England possesses two unacknowledged poets of the first stamp—Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Oxenford. If Mr. Chappell continues to marry the early English tunes to such verses as theirs, while establishing his theory about the superior nature of the old melody, he will, unconsciously, upset the generally received doctrine of the supremacy of the old lyric poetry.

"VIENI, NINA, ALLA BARCHETTA"—parole del Sig. Beneventano—musica composta da Antonio Giuglini.

A barcarole, of the true Italian stamp, as melodious and free as if it had dropped from the pen of Donizetti, in one of his happiest moments. If Sig. Giuglini would study harmony with attention, who knows but he might end by composing as well as he sings?

LEONARDO LEO'S ARIA, "DIRTI BEN."

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I have to thank you for drawing my attention to some errors of the engraver, which I had overlooked when correcting the proof-sheets of the above-named air. The passage you have quoted should stand thus:—



and not as printed, thus:—



By again referring to the composition, you will at once perceive that the harmony is not incorrect, but that it is misplaced; that the semiquaver rest should have been erased, that the semiquaver line should not have extended beyond G, and that the chord in the bass should have been placed under the last notes in the treble. In my adaptation of the accompaniment to the pianoforte, I have implicitly followed Leonard Leo's score (Walsh's edition), which is remarkably rich for the period at which it was composed; for although introduced into England by Galuppi, in 1741, I believe that the air was written at a much earlier date, and was extracted from one of his then popular operas. I avail myself of this opportunity to remind you that Marc Antonio Bononcini, the composer of *Camilla*, the second opera after the Italian model performed in this country in 1706, was an elder brother of Giovanni Bononcini,* the famous rival of Handel, the "Tweedledum" of Swift, and the composer of the once popular *Griselda*, *Calphurnia*, *Astarte*, and the fine anthem performed at the funeral of the great Duke of Marlborough, his patron. The song, "Love leads to battle," from *Camilla*, cannot fail to be interesting to the musical student, inasmuch as it represents the character of the Italian music so much sought after and admired by the English aristocracy about the end of the seventeenth and the commencement of the eighteenth centuries. I am, sir, yours faithfully,

36, Baker-street, Portman-square, CHARLES SALAMAN.

* M. Fétis, in his *Biographie*, makes out the composer of *Camilla* and the rival of Handel to be one and the same person—Giovanni Bononcini.—Ed. M. W.

MENDELSSOHN'S "ELIJAH."

Vienna.

THIS great work was performed on the 22nd December, a fact all the more worthy of our thanks, since, up to the present time, the execution of oratorios in Vienna has not satisfied, either in quantity or quality, even when the various obstacles had been taken into consideration, the most moderate expectations.

Despite many unsuccessful details, especially, for instance, the evident falling off of the second part, compared with the first, it has for years been clear to everyone, not influenced by frivolous party arguments that *Elijah*, as well as its predecessor, *St. Paul*, is about the greatest work in the way of oratorio, since the time of the great German contrapuntists.

Moreover, at the present day, Mendelssohn's sacred works are, as it were, a protest in tone against the real or affected want of skill on the part of so many of the more modern artists, with whom the free right of subjectivity threatens to degenerate into the utmost madness of caprice.

Besides their absolute value, not the smallest part of the importance of Mendelssohn's works lies, perhaps, in their connection with the proper course of the history of art.

With regard to the execution of the work, it was, by no means, free from blame. The choruses were flat; many a passage, long proved to be effective, was entirely lost, a result to which the unfavourable locality contributed. The solo parts were more satisfactorily rendered.

Mad. Louise Mayer sang the soprano part in an extremely animated manner; perhaps, indeed, her execution, in some passages too violent, was out of place. Herr Panzer was excellent.

The other solo parts were sustained by Madlle. Tipka, Herren Walter, Peschke and Sellner.—(Translated from the *Neue Wiener Musik Zeitung*.)

BURTON'S THEATRE, NEW YORK.—The engagement of Mr. C. Mathews at this theatre has been attended with the most brilliant success. To-night Mr. Mathews appears in a comedy called *The Dowager*.—*New York Times*, Dec. 21.

RACHEL.

WITHIN this week one of the subtlest and brightest intelligences that ever donned the frail garb of humanity has fled for ever from among us. Rachel is dead. She has fretted her brief hour upon the stage and now is heard no more. But in that brief hour to what a purpose has she bestirred her! What a splendour marked that swift meteor passage—what a wondrous crowd it lighted up of notable and solemn human shapes! In that brief hour with what a spendthrift hand did she scatter the wealth that was within her; how rich hath she left us in the memory of her great gifts; how poor in our regrets.

To look back on the manifestations of that life which has thus so furiously spun itself out in half the time allotted the droning herd of mankind—to count up, and bring before the mind's eye, the achievements crowded in that flash of existence, ended when ordinary mortals scarce bethink themselves the world has any task at all—is bewildering. The multitudinous thoughts and images, the throng of sights, sounds, and emotions, the great pageant of heroic living and suffering sweeping through every age, evoked in such a review, awaken a kindred commotion in the depths of the soul to that we experience when we gaze with Shelley at the visions in his *Triumph of Life*.

The ordinary biographer will probably find little enough to record in telling the story of this life, which, too, was a glorious triumph—a triumph of spiritual prowess over earthly dullness. When he has recounted that one great vicissitude, common alike in one degree or another to so many endowed with the perilous gift of genius—a mean and obscure childhood ushering in a youth radiant with the most dazzling and palpable glories the world has to give—there will remain but little to employ the colours rich in contrasting tones of such a writer's pallet. The Jew pedlar and his wife, wandering wretchedly in Switzerland, and the child born at Munt, in the canton of Argau, promisingly opens the tale; then the infant grown to a slim girl, with strange forehead and eyes, and deep-throated voice, haunting café doors in Paris with harmonious efforts in concert with elder sisters, gathering in a tin tray the harvest of coppers thereby fostered and ripened, and in such guise attracting the prophetic eye of a sagacious old professor of sacred music; then, after an interval of pupilage and instruction in so much of the arts of declamation and of feigning the passions as histrionic pedagogues, Pagnon, St. Aulaire and others, can impart; a false start at the Gymnase, a little twilight struggling, and then the full and lustrous dawn of a great genius in June, 1838, at the Théâtre-Français, critic Jules Janin playing chancicler, and announcing the god-star with much shrill, clear, and effective crowing; but after, what shall the ready writer find to his hand, what pabulum for his descriptive pen; the remaining incidents are but a *caput mortuum*, a dull recital for which play-bills, newspaper critiques, and notes of travelling expenses must coldly furnish forth the staple.

On the other hand, leaving the Hebrew pedlar's phenomenon progeny, born at Munt, or elsewhere, with all the haps or mishaps of her mortal condition, the changes and chequerings of her social status, could any one that has beheld and carefully noted the first creations of that plastic, life-giving spirit, Rachel, the tragic mime; watched the energetic workings, the daily, hourly growth, the ever-spreading conquests of that dauntless soul; conquests twofold over the rebellious frame through which and in which it wrought its purposes; over the intellectual and moral inertia hemming in like a dark chaotic desert her fruitifying conceptions and radiating sympathies; could any one tell us how he had observed the gradual expansion, stage by stage, from the few electrifying touches in a comparatively rude sketch to the finished and perfect masterpiece in which each stroke is instinct with a separate world of thought and feeling, and, every part, while individually complete, subdued and correlated to the whole—he who could “such a tale unfold” would indeed be worth listening to and the only true biographer of the great actress. Her life had in truth, but these two ingredients, the mystic inward struggle known only to herself, and the outward fruit hung forth in the eye of day, for all to gaze at and for all to taste, and he that had the best chances and the keenest palate will have most to tell.

It has been the writer's fortune to have seen Rachel some

scores of times, from the earlier part of her career to her latest performances before her American voyage, and in most of the parts wherein she was chiefly distinguished, and in which she had bestowed all the wealth of her wondrous resources, all the fruits of her patient, minute, and searching study. Such opportunities, however productive of a rich and treasured store of thrilling resemblances, are quite inadequate to the doing full justice to so transcendent a genius, for which only such a thorough knowledge and study as is above alluded to of her entire career would form a sufficient basis. What, perhaps, would best of all illustrate, in as complete a way as the nature of the subject allows, the whole scope and result of her artist-life, would be the collected experiences of many minds of various tastes and sympathies, though all of the proper calibre and texture to receive with due force and amplitude the full impress of her mighty conceptions, at each stage in the maturity of her powers. Even such a cloud of witnesses, though they might hand down a reasonable assurance to posterity how surpassing an actress had been vouchsafed to this generation, could never convey an idea of the peculiar thralldom exercised over the minds and hearts of her auditors by her inspired creations.

If one should seek a single word that would best characterise the genius of Rachel, it would be—intensity. From the instant the eye fell on that slight, lithe, and nervous form, caught the dark lustre of that amouldering glance, noted the dignified poise of that graceful but portentous head upon the snake-like neck, the sense of concentrated power was experienced, and a sort of awe of expectation awakened. Then followed the low, clear, vibrating tones of that matchless voice, delivering every word with a penetrating accent, and imbued with a clearly defined expression, that struck at once the key-note of the whole character: the fascination was complete, and the hold over every sense and faculty of the spectator never relaxed through a whirl of stormy emotions, till he was left with a great tragic history written on every fibre of his being. The heights of sublimity were stormed, as it were, in a succession of vivid traits—lightning flashes that illumined the depths of the human soul, and darted about the pinnacles of heroic conception ere the pedantic and stilted declamation of the old school would have raised you an inch above the dead level of the weary work-a-day world. Wondrous, indeed, it was to see this fine fiery spirit—“of imagination all compact”—pour floods of warm glowing life, and real quivering emotion, into those cold, pompous, bewigged and befrizzled caricatures of the Greek tragic muse, the *chef-d'œuvres* of the French *Tragédie Classique*. With all the good-will in the world to support these monuments of its literary genius, France had subsided into, if not indifference, convenient silence on the subject, when the brilliant young pupil of the Conservatoire shed the lustre of her electric light on the neglected busts of Racine and Corneille, and for the time they might have smiled congratulations at each other at the revival of their pristine glories. It is questionable, however, whether the service she has rendered the old cause of French classic tragedy be not a very treacherous one, and whether the blaze which her genius lit up out of these old materials, winding round the cumbrous and heavy pillars of the Gallic temple of Melpomene, has not, now the fire is quenched for ever, left only a blackened and melancholy ruin.

It may be that some such feeling may have contributed to sharpen the spite with which, to the disgrace of the country she honored and adorned, every attempt has been made during the latter part of her career to decry the fame and question the genius of this consummate tragedian. With her, Tragedy has departed; she has sealed up the old classic *répertoire* and not one great work has sprung up contemporaneously to do honour to this supreme mistress of her art. Let us hope that France will be softened by the mournfully premature loss of one who so long sustained and brought to its zenith the glory of her stage, and that she will repent and atone for the foul detractions of the past by doing signal justice to the bright career and marvellous achievements of Rachel. Would our Shakspeare had been vouchsafed so congenial an interpreter; but, alas! 'tis much to be feared that, “Take her for all in all, we ne'er shall see the like of her again.”

READING—(From a Correspondent).—A delightful concert was given here on Monday evening, under the auspices of Mr. Charles Braham, a universal favourite in this neighbourhood. The party of singers was small but efficient, and their various efforts were received with enthusiasm by a crowded audience. Signora Fumagalli (from the Opera Buffa, St. James's Theatre) created a *furor*. This lady is an accomplished concert-singer, which she proved by her brilliant vocalisation in "Ah fors' è lui," from the *Traviata*, and again by the expressive simplicity with which she sang the ballad of "The Convent Cell" (in English). Signor di Giorgi (Opera Buffa), the barytone, pleased immensely in "Il balen" (*Trovatore*), and was encored in the duet, "La ci darem," with Signora Fumagalli. In a trio from Verdi's *Lombardi*, the same artists, assisted by Mr. Charles Braham as tenor, were immensely applauded. Mr. Braham himself was in great favour. "Come into the garden, Maud" (Balfé), the "Death of Nelson," and the "Bay of Biscay," were all sung with admirable energy and feeling by this gentleman, and all encored unanimously. One of the most successful pieces in the programme was the duet, "Parigi, o cara," from the *Traviata*, which was given with genuine tenderness and expression by Signora Fumagalli and Mr. Charles Braham. Signor Vianesi undertook the duties of pianist and conductor, and performed them in a highly satisfactory manner. The audience left the concert-room thoroughly gratified with the treat afforded them. A second concert is to take place shortly, for which the tickets are "going off" with unexampled rapidity.

WALLINGFORD—(From a Correspondent).—The Fumagalli-Braham party gave a capital entertainment here, on Tuesday evening, which attracted a very large audience. The programme was varied and interesting. Signora Fumagalli sang admirably, and was loudly encored, both in an air from the *Traviata* and a ballad from the *Rose of Castille*. Signor di Giorgi was awarded a flattering share in the honours of the evening, and gave a romance from Donizetti's *Maria Padilla* with such marked effect that he was encored by the whole audience. Encores, in short, were the order of the day, and Mr. Charles Braham, who gave some of his popular songs with remarkable animation, had a lion's share of them. Signor Vianesi, the conductor, made the best of a very queer piano, and showed himself a musician in spite of difficulties. The concert was so successful that another is already announced.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Under the management of Mr. Buckstone. On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, January 11th, 12th, and 13th, Mr. BUCKSTONE will appear in the comedy of *A CURE FOR THE HEADACHE*. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, January 14th, 15th, and 16th, in the comedy of *SINGLE LIFE*. To commence every evening at 7 o'clock. After which, a new grand comic Christmas Pantomime, entitled *THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD*; OR, *HARLEQUIN AND THE SPITEFUL FAIRY*. The scenery by Mr. William Calcott. Harlequin, Mr. Arthur Leclercq; Columbine, Miss Fanny Wright; Pantaloon, Mr. Mackay; Clown, Mr. Charles Leclercq; The Princess on her travels, Miss Louise Leclercq.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF PRICES.—Orchestra Stalls (which may be retained the whole of the evening, and for which there will be no charge for booking), 6s. each. FIRST PRICE.—Dress Boxes, 5s.; Upper Boxes, 2s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. SECOND PRICE.—Dress Boxes, 3s.; Upper Boxes, 2s.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d. Private Boxes, Two Guineas and One Guinea and a half each. Stage-Manager, Mr. Chippendale.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY, A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. TUESDAY and THURSDAY, HAMLET. SATURDAY, THE CORSIKAN BROTHERS; and the Pantomime every Evening.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—PROFESSOR WILJALBA FRIKELL, Physician to their Majesties the Emperor and Empress of Russia.—PHYSICAL AND NATURAL MAGIC, without the aid of any Apparatus, TWO HOURS OF ILLUSIONS. Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 3, and every evening at 8. Stalls, 4s.; Balcony Stalls, 4s.; Boxes, 2s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Private Boxes, Two Guineas, One Guinea and a-half, and One Guinea. Places to be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—This evening, the performance will commence with *THE TRAGEDY QUEEN*. After which the new extravaganza of *THE DOGE OF DURALTO*. To conclude with *BOOTS AT THE SWAN*. Commence at half-past 7.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—This evening, the 2nd and 3rd acts of the *GREEN BUSHES*. After which *HARLEQUIN AND THE LOVES OF CUPID AND PSYCHE*. Harlequin, Miss Marie Wilton; Columbine, Miss Mary Keeley; Punctinello, Mr. Le Barr; Clown, Mr. Henderson; Pantaloon, Mr. Beckingham.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE

SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS. On Monday and during the week to commence with the grand gorgeous Christmas Comic Pantomime called *GEORGEY PORGEY PUDDING AND PIE*; OR, *HARLEQUIN DADDY LONG LEGS*. To conclude with *THE WAITS*, in which Mrs. R. Honner will perform. Morning Performances every Monday at Half-past Twelve.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. T.—The prospectus of the Cologne Music School can only be had (so far as we know) by application direct to Herr Ferdinand Hiller, Conservatorium, Cologne.

TENOR.—The letter of our correspondent is an advertisement.

MENDELSSOHNIAN.—Elijah was first performed at the Birmingham Festival in September, 1846; St. Paul at the Dusseldorf Rhenish Festival in 1836 (May).

INQUIRER.—We do not keep a "penny-a-liner;" but we keep "Old Truepenny"—a liner.

DIED.

Recently, at Devonshire-street, Portland-place, the wife of G. A. Osborne. Esq.

ERRATA.—In the verses headed "Try it again"—last line of first verse—for

"If foiled in the conflict—Try it again,"

read

"If foiled in the first effort—Try it again."

In first line of third verse, for

"Over the high foaming ocean,"

read

"O'er," &c.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9TH, 1858.

THE rapidity with which a new Covent Garden is rising from the spot where the old theatre was reduced to ashes leaves no room for doubt that the coming season will once more see London provided with two enormous establishments for the exhibition of foreign talent. The question of their expediency is closely connected with that of their probable success or failure; and it is impossible now, whichever way inclination may point, to avoid a serious consideration of the subject.

Are two theatres for the performance of Italian operas in the Italian language necessary, even in a metropolis so vastly populated as London? Opinion leans pretty generally to the negative, and, we think, on good grounds. It is no use indulging in the Utopian dream of a friendly rivalry between two houses, the rise of one of which is the fall of the other—and *vice versa*, just as (according to the *Gazette de France*) "England's misfortunes are France's opportunity." Nor is it a bit more sensible to expect that the two managers shall play into each others' hands, and rigidly adhere on either side to a stated repertory. Their interests are diametrically opposed. The repertory which brought the "fashion" to one theatre would instantly and naturally be adopted by the other.

It is all very well to tell the managers of the Royal Italian Opera that the "Académie Impériale de Musique et de Danse" is the mine from which to dig up their resources; and that Meyerbeer, with an occasional reference to Auber or Halévy, and two or three of the German "classics" to vary, would make a programme complete at all points. The

managers of the Royal Italian Opera will laugh in their sleeves. As well might their own adherents (with a sly wink) advise the directors of Her Majesty's Theatre to stick to Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti—leaving Mozart and *Don Giovanni* to the house in Bow-street. Any such compromise is out of reason; neither party would be satisfied; nor would it conciliate the public. When there are two Italian Operas the public will patronise most liberally the one which offers the greatest variety of temptations. Few will be found to subscribe to both.

One question, then, is disposed of. On the score of *expediency* two Italian Operas are not required. A subscriber to either will expect to hear all that *can* be heard through this particular medium. He will require his *Barbiere* as well as his *Huguenots*, his *Don Giovanni* as well as his *Guglielmo Tell*; and the prospectus which sets forth the largest number of attractions will decide him in the choice of a theatre. If the repertoires could be separated, each establishment devoting itself exclusively to one, the existence of two Italian lyric theatres might not only be tolerable, but advantageous; but common-sense shows us that this is wholly impracticable; and the sequel leads to the inevitable conclusion that one foreign opera is enough to satisfy all demands.

A similar train of argument tends to establish the fact that not only are two Italian Operas inexpedient and unnecessary, so far as the public interests are concerned, but that their combined success is improbable, if not indeed impossible. There is a condition attaching to the relationship of the public with public amusements which cannot safely be ignored, but which, nevertheless, is almost invariably overlooked in the discussion of such matters. In the course of a twelvemonth, it may reasonably be insisted, every member of the community can afford to spend a certain sum of money, and no more, upon simple recreation. The class to which money is no object is a very restricted one, and does not affect the argument. The result arrived at, then, is that the gross public represents a given sum, to be laid out annually in out-of-doors entertainments, and that this sum only varies according to circumstances, showing on the whole, as years are compared with each other, an average from which deductions may fairly be made. Into whose pockets this annual sum may be emptied depends upon many things—upon strange and unforeseen phenomena, upon fashion, and not the least upon caprice; but once exhausted no more remains to be spent. None of us have forgotten the first year of Jenny Lind, when the public paid so much to hear one songstress, that scarcely anything was left in hand for contemporaneous attractions. As in the metropolis so it was in the provinces. The money was invested in "The Swedish Nightingale;" other nightingales sang, and other lions roared, to vacant benches—or to houses packed with "orders." And yet it was generally admitted that the performances at Covent Garden, where Jenny Lind did not sing, were artistically superior to those at Her Majesty's Theatre, where Jenny Lind did sing. But, as out of a pig's ear cannot be made a satin purse, so out of a public no longer "flush" the manager of ever so grand an establishment cannot be expected to make a fortune. The "given sum" was bestowed upon Jenny Lind, and there was not a *sou* for any one else. At that mad period even Rachel's *prestige* suffered!

It is unnecessary to elucidate in detail the theory we have suggested, to which, after a moment's reflection, our readers

will, we are convinced, attach quite as much credit as ourselves. It is notorious that an ordinary man spends so much and no more on his amusements, just as he spends so much and no more upon his dress. Whichever way the tide of success may flow matters little; when the money is disbursed the game is played out, and until next year's income brings a fresh supply, is not likely to be renewed.

In these speculations let it be clearly understood we are not holding forth as partisans of either Italian Opera, being satisfied that, as both cannot prosper, so the chances in the end will be for the one that is managed with the greatest talent, energy and judgment. Nor are we urged at this moment by another consideration which might reasonably influence us while contemplating the subject from a wholly different point of view—that of simple patriotism. Neither the "old house," nor the "new house," nor the vexed question of native talent against foreign mediocrity, has anything to do with the argument just now. We are merely endeavouring to show that the co-existence of two Italian operas is neither a public requirement nor a benefit to the rival speculators. The fact, nevertheless, stares us in the face that we shall once again be called upon to record the doings and compare the merits of antagonistic establishments; and if, in the conscientious performance of a by-no-means agreeable duty, we are not at any time actually disposed to exclaim, with Mercutio—"A plague on both your houses!"—it is highly probable we shall register more than one vow that, some fine morning, Mr. Lumley or Mr. Gye may adopt the resolution of abandoning foreigners, and setting up a *National English Opera*, with Alfred Mellon as director.

If the Italian Opera of the present day were worthy of the name, we should, perhaps, have less right to complain; but surely two theatres for the representation of *Il Trovatore* and *La Traviata* are too many by one.

THE death of Rachel will not be the less deplored because it had been for some time anxiously expected. There is always a hope to the last; and the accounts received from Cannes, from time to time, were rather encouraging than otherwise. The idea of ever beholding the incomparable tragedian on the stage again was hardly entertained, even by her most enthusiastic admirers; but still there was a cherished notion that she might be spared, to form the centre of a social circle, which, having witnessed her triumphs and testified to her glory, would know how to appreciate her. This has, however, been dissipated. Rachel is gone to her last home, and another of that gifted race, which has shed so bright a radiance upon art, is lost to art and to the world. Since Felix Mendelssohn, no so great a genius has been snatched away from us as Rachel Felix.

How consummate an artist was Rachel is shown by the fact that she not merely excelled all other professors of the histrionic art, but restored an effete dramatic literature. To speak in metaphor, she raised the dead. The stately tragedies of Racine, Corneille, and Voltaire had long mouldered in oblivion, when Rachel brought them once more to light, and once more, in the person of the inspired Jewess, their forgotten creations became things of life—to strike terror, raise emotion, open the flood-gates of the heart, shake the soul, and purify it. Racine and Corneille, from the oracular lips of Rachel, admonished the age of its frivolity; and it is creditable to the French nation that, during her short but dazzling reign, the name of Rachel should have exercised a more solid and unvarying influence

than that of any other performer of the day. *Phèdre*, *Andromaque*, the *Horaces*, *Polyeucte*, were restored to their high places, and the rhapsodies of the romantic school sunk to insignificance before such stern and rigid purity. With Rachel, however, the drama of the French classic period will disappear again—perhaps for ever, since another Rachel is impossible, and less than a Rachel would be impotent to sustain them. The stage has not only been deprived of its brightest ornament, but the polished literature of the stage of its main support. Of course the loss of the illustrious actress will be most severely felt in her own country, where she was a living and a constant example; but, by all who regard with veneration the loftiest manifestations of art, her death will be looked upon as a universal calamity.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday *Lucia di Lammermoor* was produced, the three principal characters being sustained by Mdle. Piccolomini, Signors Giuglini and Belletti. There was a crowded house. Nothing but the highest praise can be bestowed upon Mdle. Piccolomini's acting as Lucia. The scenes of the malediction and the madness were equally powerful and natural. Signor Giuglini's Edgar is remarkable for energy no less than for exquisite singing. In the famous "maledizione" he displayed more than his usual vigour, while the pathos of the last scene could scarcely have been surpassed. Signor Belletti was Enrico, and atoned for any amount of histrionic deficiency by admirable singing.

On Tuesday *Il Trovatore* was repeated, with a new singer, Mdle. Saunier, in the part of Azucena. The *débutante* achieved a fair success. She possesses dramatic perception, and is evidently no novice on the stage. She has a good contralto voice, and sings with feeling, but her voice, from nervousness, is not always under her control.

On Wednesday, Twelfth-day, Mr. Lumley had the temerity to open his theatre and invite the public to leave their cakes and Christmas trees to hear *La Figlia del Reggimento*. Maria is one of Mdle. Piccolomini's most original personations. She looks the *vivandière* to the life; her vivacity and animal spirits are never-failing; and everybody knows what an irresistible effect she produces in the first act, when she takes leave of her friends, the soldiers, not to mention other passages in the opera which she sings with so much point and expression. On this occasion, Signor Luchesi made his first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre, as Tonio. This gentleman was for some time a member of the Royal Italian Opera, and won for himself an honourable name as a tenor of the pure Rossinian school. He created a highly favourable impression in *Matilda di Shabran* and the *Conte Ory*, and occasionally was substitute for Mario in the *Barbiera*. Signor Luchesi is a thoroughly well-trained artist and no indifferent actor; so that Mr. Lumley may congratulate himself on a real acquisition. The part of Tonio presents but few opportunities of display; nevertheless, Signor Luchesi, by his artistic singing and easy, unaffected acting, gave unqualified satisfaction. Signor Belletti is one of the best representatives of Serjeant Sulpizio we have seen.

After the *Figlia*, the last act of *La Favorita* was given, with Mademoiselle Spezia, Signor Giuglini and Signor Vialletti. Signor Giuglini sang "Spirto gentil" with his accustomed effect, and was unanimously encored. The duet "Vien tutti oblio" was forcibly rendered, by Mademoiselle Spezia and Signor Giuglini. A strong word of praise is also due to Signor Vialletti, for his execution of the music of Baldassare.

The novel experiment of a winter opera has thus been attended with complete success. With artists like Piccolomini, Spezia, and the "golden-voiced" tenor, Giuglini, it is no wonder. The *Trovatore*, *Traviata*, and *Figlia*, are to be repeated this week, and we hear that an Italian version of Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* is in rehearsal.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

THE new home of the Royal Italian Opera is rapidly approaching completion. The façade in Bow-street seems to be almost complete, and the side walls are so nearly finished, as to justify the raising of the first great girder—sixteen are to support the roof. These girders, which are what are called lattice-girders, are all of wrought iron, and weigh each somewhere about sixteen tons. The workmen have commenced the erection of a scaffold of frame-work, composed of great beams of timber, upon which the purchase is to be erected, by means of which this enormous mass of iron is to be raised to the top of the walls, and placed in its proper position. As the span of these girders is ninety feet, an idea may easily be formed of the extent of the roof which is about to be erected, without any support from beneath, save the boundary walls.

The interior semicircles of brickwork, from which the several tiers of boxes are to spring, are finished, and the workmen are now busy at the back wall, which yet wants a good many feet of its proper altitude. The area, although now nearly filled with scaffolding and long derrick poles, piles of brick, waggons, and horses, and workmen passing to and fro, may yet be seen to be of great extent; but the visitor is surprised when he is told that the foot-lights will cut this whole space exactly in two, and that a full half of the inclosure in the centre of which he stands will be devoted to the stage and its appendages. Standing also, as he does, on *terra firma*, and at a very little lower level than that of the street outside, he will feel, perhaps, rather astonished when his attention is called to a white line painted about half-way up the wall, and he is told at that high level the Marios and Grisis and Lablaches of the day will sing and strut their hour for the entertainment of the fashionable world. There will be fewer tiers of boxes, and fewer boxes in each tier, than in the late theatre, the object of Mr. Gye being to afford greater space and better accommodation to his patrons, even although at the cost of considerable pecuniary sacrifice. The pit will be ten feet wider, the same increase being given to the stage; and, by a judicious alteration in the design, everyone in the house will be enabled to see the stage without stretching out, a process which often fearfully disarranges the cravats of the polite cavaliers who generally occupy the back chairs in an opera-box. The box company having passed through the vestibule, will find themselves in a very spacious "crush-room," and from thence there will be new and unusual facilities for ingress and egress—a most important provision, when we remember the accidents to which buildings of this kind are liable. Great improvements will be made in the scenic arrangements—amongst others the erection of an extensive painting-room, 90 feet by 40, and the abolition of the old-fashioned "flies," the effect of the latter innovation being to facilitate the exhibition of spectacle to an extent hitherto unknown in our theatres. Lastly, in almost every case, the use of iron will be substituted for wood, and every other precaution taken to render the building as nearly fire-proof as possible. The works, which commenced on the 29th of September last, have been carried on with great rapidity, and in their present aspect afford every prospect of being finished by the 1st of May, on which day Mr. Gye is bound by his contract to open the theatre. There are about 300 men daily at work on the walls and roof, and simultaneously the Messrs. Lucas's large factory, at Lowestoft, is fully employed on the interior fittings, while all the ironwork is being constructed at the foundry of Messrs. Grissell. It is obvious that progress may in the same way be made with the scenery and decorations, so that as we approach the end of the work the rate of progress will exhibit what, were we not aware of the above particulars, would appear to be almost a magical acceleration. Under all these favorable circumstances we may fairly anticipate that an early day will see Mr. Gye comfortably installed in his newly-erected lyric temple, and we trust rewarded by that amount of patronage on the part of the public to which his energy and unwearied exertions for their amusement so justly entitle him.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—*The Creation* was performed last night, and Mr. Sims Reeves made his first appearance this season. Miss Louisa Vinning and Mr. Santley were the other singers. The Hall was crowded. Full particulars in our next.

MADAME VIARDOT IN POLAND.

(From the Special Correspondent of the *Courier de Paris*.)

Warsaw, 17th December.

At all times, as you know, our eyes have been turned towards France. We applaud your success and glory, and your pleasures are ours. We share especially your taste for the stage. You will not, therefore, be surprised at learning that the great event of the day is the arrival of Madame Pauline Viardot amongst us. Last Sunday, December the 13th, Prince Gortschakoff entertained in his palace all the rank and fashion of Warsaw with a concert, of which, so to speak, Madame Viardot was the whole and sole attraction. She sang on the occasion the grand air from *L'Italiana in Algeri*, two pieces from *Le Prophète*, and some Russian airs. We may observe that the performance of the opera of *Le Prophète* is prohibited at Warsaw.

This eminent artist will give twelve performances here. She made her *début* on the 15th in Norma. She will appear in *Il Barbiere*, *Otello*, *La Sonnambula*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *Il Trovatore*, and, perhaps, *La Juive*, which we here call the *Hebrea*.

I was fortunate enough to obtain a place at the performance of *Norma*. The promises of the playbill were so attractive that a great many people were obliged to remain at home that evening, very much disappointed that they had not secured a stall or a box a week beforehand. For the moment all anxiety respecting the financial crisis was forgotten; the places had been raised in the proportion of ten to three. The fair vocalist's success was immense. Every one was delighted by the power of her voice, by her marvellous facility, by her vocal science, pushed to the utmost limits of art, and by her dramatic talent, which is beyond all praise. In speaking thus, I am simply the echo of our musical critics. A shower of bouquets overwhelmed Malibran's emulater and sister, who was called forward as often as ten times in the course of the evening.

I must mention one more fact, equally honourable to Madame Viardot and the management of our lyric theatre. No contract bound the fair singer and the management before the first performance. The day after that brilliant display, the management offered Mad. Viardot the sum of two thousand francs, inquiring, at the same time, whether she thought a similar amount sufficient for each of the following representations.

Warsaw, 26th December.

As far as our internal administration is concerned, I have nothing important to tell you, and, as we are not allowed to busy ourselves with politics, all our activity is directed towards artistic enjoyments. The press continues to devote its attention almost exclusively to Mad. Pauline Viardot, and to celebrate her triumphs. Mad. Viardot really deserves the enthusiastic reception we have given her. It is true that nowhere, perhaps, except in Italy, is artistic talent so warmly applauded as in Poland and Russia.

The second representation of *Norma* excited even more enthusiasm than the first. The lady's voice was still more supple and powerful. She was rapturously recalled, eleven times, in the course of the evening. The performance of *Il Barbiere* was even more brilliant.

After the performance, Prince Cantacuzène was sent by Prince Gortschakoff to invite Madame Pauline Viardot to take tea in the Governor-General's box, where she was *fêted* by the cream of the court and the nobility.

Places fetch a fabulous price; a box, for instance, is worth five-and-twenty silver roubles.

BRADFORD—(From a Correspondent).—On Wednesday night, St. George's Hall was filled with upwards of 3,000 persons, who attended to listen to an excellent concert given by M. Jullien and his unrivalled band. Mad. Grisi was the vocalist, and a finer *artiste* the world does not even now possess. She charmed her auditors with her delicious rendering of two or three English ballads, and with her inimitable Italian vocalism. The band, as usual, played with a spirit and *entrain* which have secured a justly deserved popularity for M. Jullien. Several encores were given, and a rare treat was enjoyed by the large audience.

HERR FORMES AT NEW YORK.

HERR FORMES, in spite of a "cold," has made an evident sensation, and given rise to a multitude of criticisms—all more or less favourable. Some are diverting to a degree. One, from the *New York Atlas*—which might be headed "*American View of Herr Formes and of the American Race*," by an American lady enamoured of the one and absorbed in the other," is worth quoting as a curiosity:

"To return to my visit to the Academy of Music—on Monday last—I was overwhelmed with that establishment, for I had never truly appreciated it before. A beautiful commodious entrance, gentlemanly and intelligent ushers, to whom it is a pleasure to address one's self, beautiful broad corridors brilliantly lighted, where we neither crush or are crushed by our neighbours; and then the interior, who ever saw such an adorably beautiful house, with its flush of crimson velvet and gold and pure white, and its wilderness of marbles toiling beneath the weight of its glittering galleries, and its whole star-field of soft and splendid light flashing away into the utmost recesses, striking like sunlight upon the brows of the Herculean marbles, and then rolling up from pillars and columns to overflow the dome above? Then the stage effects, the number of the chorus, the liberal and appropriate manner in which they were costumed, the beauty and large effectiveness of the scenery, and above all, that ballet scene, in which the calm sad splendour of a moonlight seemed really to be rolling around and brightening up the massive and shadowy columns.

"And then the artists, ah! dear Formes, ah! cruel Carl, knowest thou of the ravages thou art doomed to work in our susceptible hearts? dost thou smile that we may weep? dost thou sing to make us victims of a hopeless love?"

"But apart from jesting,* I think the said Formes inculcated the best actor I have ever seen upon the lyric stage. As Bertram, the demoniac beauty of his expression, his dramatic accent in singing, together with the terrible energy of his histrionic effects, almost persuaded me that he was Dante's friend in person, otherwise his majesty from below, did I not know that in that case he would not have dared to sing in a theatre in the neighbourhood of which was located the Church of the Holy Zebra. However, in laudation of Mr. Formes, it is useless to exert my inefficient voice, his admirers are so numerous, that alone they could storm a fort like Sebastopol, and take it. It was with great pleasure, too, that I again saw Madame La Grange, that queen of the lyric art, whose talent is only equalled by her intelligence; she is one of the few great artists now in the world; in these days of small voices, small acting, small conceptions, an artist like La Grange is above all price and valuation.

"I have but two more remarks to make, the first with regard to the wonderfully moderate charges to which the managers of the Academy of Music have reduced the price of admission. The sum of one dollar (five francs) will but just secure to you a seat in the meanest and most unclean little antediluvian theatre in Paris, and for that price here you have secured to you an admirable place in the most beautiful, richest, and most commodious theatre in the world. The liberality of the management has no counterpoise on record, but it is hardly necessary to add any more extended remarks upon that subject, when it is known that it is conducted by such men as Ullman, and Payne, and Thalberg. For the second remark, it relates to a subject which I have particularly at heart—namely, the superior beauty of the American race, of both sexes. Although I am a secret admirer of the beauty of the American gentlemen, I am much too modest this morning to come to any immediate terms, so I will restrict myself to the grateful subject of the ladies. I, for my own part, was completely dazzled by the amount and startling quality of their beauty, such fine and distinguished heads, such flashing eyes, such carnation bloom upon lips and cheeks, such shining whiteness of complexion. I pitied the young gentlemen of susceptible bosoms; fortunately they see it all their lives, and get used to it, otherwise business would become impossible, and the old days of knighthood and chivalry would agitate the world. Perhaps one reason why the American ladies are superior in their beauty to all other nations under the sun, is the fact that in our own country—where comparatively women are not slaves, where they receive good educations—they are allowed to think and to feel, and are treated by men as reasonable beings. The American race has its faults—heaven help it—but it is still the best race I know. May the propitious gods smile upon the stars and stripes, whenever they float over this unfortunate world, and to that glorious colour let us all unite our voices to cry *Esto perpetua!*"

* "Many a true word—" The lady must fill up the blank.—
Ed. M. W.

Pray, reader, don't miss a line of the foregoing. Peruse the whole of it—from "Cruel Carl" to the "beauty of American gentlemen," "susceptible bosoms" and "stars and stripes"—or the loss will be yours.

Herr Formes has also made his appearance in oratorio. The *Creation* was the work selected for the first sacred performance at the Academy of Music. Madame La Grange (in part 3), Miss Milner (in parts 1 and 2), and Mr. Perring were the other singers. The execution generally, by the members of the New York Harmonic Society and the chorus of the Academy, seems to have been mediocre. Mr. Bristow (the Pyne-Harrison *nonpareil*) was chorus master, and Herr Anschuez (Mr. Jarrett's exportation from *Vaterland*) conductor. We can only make room for a very short extract from the *New York Herald's* report:—

"No oratorio has ever been given here with such *éclat*, and the audience was fully equal to the occasion. The house was crowded in every part, at opera prices. Many of the most eloquent divines in the city lent their aid to the affair, and appeared in the house. The religious community came out in force, and almost every musician and amateur of note in the city was present. The stage was replaced by an elevated platform, upon which the solo singers, chorus, and orchestra appeared; and the arrangements throughout were exactly like those for the great musical solemnities at Exeter Hall, London—the solo singers and conductor of the orchestra; behind them on either side the female choristers; in the rear the men; and in the centre, the orchestra, with the organ at the back. Mr. Formes, Miss Milner, and Mr. Perring—who are oratorio singers by profession—distinguished themselves greatly. Miss Milner sang "With verdure clad," and "On mighty wings," admirably. Mr. Perring added to the favourable impression he has made here. The same admirable qualities were noticeable in the singing of Mr. Formes, who, although he had not quite recovered from the effects of his recent illness, sung even better than in the Opera, and carried off a large part of the honours of the night.

From the *New York Times* the following is an excerpt:—

"The *début* of Mr. Formes, as a singer in oratorio, was an event which excited a natural curiosity; and to that strong human feeling is attributable, in great measure, the crowded state of the house. Perhaps there should be added to this the eligible opportunity afforded to a large class of conscientious persons to hear and see the musical notabilities of the time, without violation of their principled opposition to operatic and theatrical performances. Let the cause of the crowd be as it may, the fact that an oratorio has drawn a New York audience of four thousand, is conclusive proof of this experiment at the Academy. There could not be a greater contrast than that between Formes in oratorio and in opera—physiognomically and physically, as well as musically. His diabolism in Bertram subsides into an air of profound and sober respectability and solemnity in Raphael. In point of fact, the opera *habitués* found it not a little difficult to recognise, at a glance, in the clean-shaven and stately clerical gentleman who walked gravely forward and made his bow, the be-cloaked and bearded evil-genius of Robert. The metamorphosis was complete. The reputation of the great basso received a fresh indorsement. His recitative was admirable, and his rendering of the air, 'Roaming in Foaming Billows,' brought down a vigorous encore."

Thus, it would seem, the German singer is safely launched in the sea of public favour. Mr. Ullman seems to have "worked" Herr Formes with greater success than he did poor Madame Frezzolini. We observe that another *bonne-bouche* is in store for the Yankees. The "fat, fair, and —y" Mad. Caradori is a passenger by the "Canada," and is already secured for the highly to be envied "Academy." How we in London are to get on without her is a problem.

DR. MARK and his young pupils have been playing during the week at Stockport, Stalybridge, Wilmslow, Liverpool, and Warrington. The following note, received by Dr. Mark, from M. Jullien, conveys the great musician's opinion of the acquirements of the "Little Men" in musical knowledge:—

"Queen's Hotel, Manchester, 4th January, 1858.

"I have heard with the greatest pleasure the children under the direction of Dr. Mark, and, as it is just to judge by the results, I think that his system of elementary instruction merits the attention of persons who occupy themselves seriously with this important national question of universal education. It is with the greatest pleasure I give this testimonial to Dr. Mark."—*Manchester Examiner*.

LITERARY SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of the *Musical World*.

SIR,—Mr. Thackeray's allusion to the subject of Schools in his speech at the Commercial Travellers' Dinner, followed as it was by a leading article in *The Times*, very shrewdly tracing the present high charges of education to what a vulgar person would call the extra two-pence a-week for manners, seems very likely to open a discussion on the conditions of middle-class education, which I trust will end to the advantage of Paterfamilias and the improvement of Squeers. I should be very sorry, however, if this was the only good that was to follow from the words uttered that night by the renowned chairman of the bagmen's feast. It cannot be, indeed, but that those words which seemed to sound forth from that particular cell in the mysterious caverns of his soul, where the great wizard of London keeps the amiable spirit of Penderennis, must have found an immediate, distinct, and ringing echo in the hearts of that class whom they challenged to emulate the achievement of the commercial gentlemen. "Why," said the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, nobly speaking in a catholic spirit for the "gentlemen of the line," and pointing to the flourishing educational establishments instituted and sustained by the "gentlemen of the road,"—"why cannot we do something of the kind for ourselves?"

I feel assured that this simple question, urging so noble a suggestion, must have sounded like a trumpet-blast when heard—must have flashed up in letters of light, when read—by those claiming to rank in the great legion to whom it was addressed. Alas! must it in truth be confessed? I am equally assured that the bright hope, the happy vision, which at that hint sprang up, all but realised in the sanguine and fertile brains of Penderennis' brethren, sank down again as the next moment's reflections enveloped in clouds of misgiving and despondency. "Have not," will the unlucky "gentlemen of the time" exclaim with a sigh, "have not we tried ere this to do something for ourselves, and miserably failed? while almost every other profession or trade have their spontaneous institutions for mutual assistance and support, insuring due provision for their orphans and widows, nothing of the kind, when proposed for our benefit, has ever been heartily taken up and carried out. There is no cohesion among us; our 'line,' alas, is a rope of sand, and will support nothing."

No doubt this barren blank and gloom with which they are thus tempted to leave a subject that seemed at first so teeming, is justified by the main experience of the past, though only, I trust, when superficially viewed. I do firmly think that, if as must be admitted, there is in the highly susceptible natures of the literary class a decided tendency to yield to many capricious and inadequate causes of division and disunion, very little has hitherto been done to neutralise or counteract this characteristic. When the world of authorship threw off the degrading tyranny of noble patronage, it did not immediately acquire independence, but fell under the control of oligarchies; and the formation of *cliques*, with, at their head, one or two names invested with the prestige of success, and sworn to the principle *hors nous et nos amis, nul n'aura de l'esprit*, imposed a system of domination scarcely less oppressive or humiliating. Of both these the modern literary man preserves an instinctive and deep-rooted abhorrence; he will not endure the condescending and cold-blooded patronage of nobility; he rebels fiercely against the imperious dictation and covert malignity of a coterie. Unhappily the "republic of letters" is as yet an unrealised name, for one of these old enemies of literary liberty still holds considerable sway. *Cliques*, undoubtedly, and powerful ones, doing much mischief each in its sphere, we have yet among us, though I am not going to take upon myself the invidious task and perilous office of pointing them out: and though that noisome fungus, the epistle dedicatory, bred in the corrupt warmth of eleemosynary guineas, is an extinct species, and no longer served up at the tables of the nobility, the sickly smiles of lowly patronage still ripens a kind of parasitical cryptogam in the saloons of Belgrave and Mayfair which perpetuates the ancient taint and imparts it to the whole body literary, greatly to the disgust of its more aspiring and self-dependent members.

I am for my part, and for the present, convinced that had these deterring influences—bugbears call them if you will—been sedulously removed out of sight or suspicion when schemes akin to that proposed by Mr. Thackeray have been set a-foot, literary men would not form an exception as they do now to the mass of other professions and callings in this respect. Let the attempt to carry out the very timely and useful suggestion of the author of the *Virginians* have a thoroughly democratic origin—spring from the comparatively undistinguished herd of toilers in the field of literature; let the business be entrusted to a few of these who once distinguished for their habits of business—and the class of authors is really not so devoid of those as the reader's

sneer would infer, and if the thing be done at once the good ship of which Mr. Thackeray may be said to have laid out the lines in his speech will be launched and fairly afloat ere that remarkable product of practical genius, the *Leviathan*, is many inches nearer that desired end. It will be no harm if Mr. Thackeray himself summoned the first meeting, and were invited to preside over it. He has neither instituted nor suffered to form round him any clique, and he has earned a vast amount of respect by the stern and rugged independence with which he has steered his own course, obedient only to the voice that was within him, spurning to court the "most sweet voices" of the multitude, or fill his sails with the breath of a popular cry, and riding no special hobby of his own. Patiently working out his great task of producing a faithful portraiture of the society of his day, viewed not only by its own light, but in its affiliation and contrast with the immediate past, and regardless how he might be decimating the number of his readers, ever writing up to his own standard, not down to their powers of appreciation, for he prefers to give away his guinea that one at least may get a good dinner and a bottle of wine, rather than change it into coppers to throw for a scramble in the crowd, that many may get a saveloy or a glass of gin. These moral qualities are likely to rob Mr. Thackeray's presidency over the desired movement of any scaring or disquieting effect, and render them, on the contrary, a guarantee against all one-sided and overbearing influences. There are practical difficulties, which I have not touched on, necessarily involved in the scheme, and one is formulating an exact definition of a literary man, which will exclude mere dabblers and amateurs, &c.; for were all who rush into print, or even who systematically produce books, to claim the benefits of the proposed institution, Mr. Thackeray's "Literary Men's Schools," no subscription would be large enough, nor human power of organisation sufficient to embrace so vast a scope.

Claiming your support for a cause in which you must feel a strong interest, and hoping that these crude remarks may help to set the ball a-going, I leave the field to more practical heads and more able advocates.

OLD TRUFPENNY.

LEEDS.—On Saturday night last "A Juvenile Night" was given in the Music-hall, by the People's Concert Committee. The vocalists were Miss Walker, Mr. Delavanti, and the Madrigal and Motet Societies. The instrumentalists were Master Tilney and Mr. Spark.

LEEDS.—(From a Correspondent).—On Wednesday week, Miss Newbound and Master Walter Tilney (pupils of Mr. Spark) gave their first annual concert in the Music Hall. The performers engaged by the young artists were Mrs. Weiss, Miss Helena Walker, Mr. Weiss, and the chorus of the Leeds Madrigal and Motet Society. There was a large attendance. Miss Newbound sang Mozart's "Addio" and Hummel's *Tyrolleuse* with variations with great success. Master Tilney (in his twelfth year) gave two piano solos, including Beethoven's *Sonata Pathétique*, and, being encored, played a composition of his own. Of the concerted pieces, a new and sparkling trio for female voices, by Mr. Henry Smart, entitled "Queen of fresh flowers," was one of the most successful. Mr. and Mr. Weiss obtained a large share of applause. The chorus gave several part-songs, and a selection from Macfarren's *May-day*, the latter being warmly received. On Saturday, the People's Concert was specially designed for juveniles, and the programme arranged accordingly. The performers were Miss Helena Walker, Mr. Delavanti, Master Walter Tilney, and a chorus of sixty voices—Mr. Spark being the conductor and accompanist. The encores were numerous, the youngsters expressing their delight in loud applause.

BELFON AMATEUR HARMONIC UNION.—(From a Correspondent).—The second concert took place on Wednesday evening, 6th January, before a crowded audience. The programme comprised a due proportion of classical pieces intermixed with lighter efforts. Amongst the former, special mention may be made of the *allegro* and *andante* from Beethoven's trio (Op. 11), which was admirably rendered by Messrs. William Rea (pianoforte), Key (clarinet), and Balcombe (violinello). The other instrumental "points" were the violinello solo by Herr Lidel (from *Lucia di Lammermoor*), which was encored with enthusiasm; and the fantasia for violin and piano, on airs from *Preciosa*, capably executed by Mr. John Kemp and Mr. Rea. The vocalists were the Misses Leffer, Miss Cooper, and Mr. W. P. Jones. The orchestral performers acquitted themselves well in Mehul's *Joseph*, the March of the Priests, from *Athalie*, and other pieces.

NORTHAMPTON.—An extra performance of the Choral Society took place on Monday evening, the 28th ultimo, in aid of the organ fund. The *Messiah* was given, with Madame Enderssohn, Miss Fanny Huddard, Mr. Millard and Mr. Santley as vocalists. Mr. Packer conducted, and Mr. Charles McKorkell presided at the organ. Mr. Starmer played the trumpet *obligato*, in "The trumpet shall sound; Mr. McKorkell performed, on the organ, the Dead March from *Saul*, before the commencement of the oratorio, in memory of the late Earl Spencer, who was president of the Society.

YORK.—(From a Correspondent).—PEOPLE'S CONCERTS.—Another of these popular concerts took place in the Festival Concert Room, on Tuesday evening, December 1st, when there was a numerous attendance. The principal vocalist was Miss Maria Wilson, of Hull, formerly of the Wilberforce Institution for the Blind, York. She was assisted by Messrs. Hird, Holmes, Hudson, and Plowman, and accompanied on the piano by Mr. W. Strickland. Miss Wilson had to repeat some of her pieces. The other vocalists were Messrs. Wilson and Lambert. Mr. J. W. Sykes, R.A.M., played two solos on the violin. Mr. Shaw presided at the pianoforte, and Mr. R. Hunt conducted. The overtures, &c., were well rendered by the band, and the concert passed off with *éclat*.

NICE.—(Extract from a private Letter).—December 29, 1857. A concert was given here last evening, at the Salle de L'Hôtel D'Yorck, for the benefit of the victims of the Indian revolt, under the patronage of all the *grandes dames* at present sojourning at Nice. The programme was unusually select, and had more of the classical element than is generally found in musical entertainments here. The orchestra was under the direction of M. Fernand Duval, *chef-d'orchestre* of the Theatre Royal. M. Alexandre Billet, the eminent pianist, performed Beethoven's *Choral Fantasia*, and created an immense effect by his brilliant execution and vigorous style. He was loudly applauded by band and chorus, no less than by the audience, and achieved a triumph seldom won by a classical pianist in these southern regions. Meyerbeer, who is staying at Nice, was present, and expressed himself delighted with the composition and the performer. The concert, on the whole, was the best conducted and most interesting which had been given in Nice for a long time. * * * The place is filled with visitors, and among the most remarkable, and looking as handsome as ever, is La Baronne Vigier (Sophie Cruvelli), who appears to have settled into private life happily and contentedly.

ROME.—Signor Gardoni has appeared at the Theatre Apollo, as Alfredo in *La Traviata*. It was his first appearance in that character, and his success was decided.

PARIS.—*Il Bruschino* has at length been produced, and the Bouffes Parisiens has achieved the greatest hit of the season. Of course, any work by the author of *Il Barbiere* would have obtained a *succès d'estime*, but the *Bruschino*, if we accept the verdict of the journals, has gained a genuine triumph. The theatre was crowded in every part, and among the company were observed the Count and Countess de Morny, Count Baciocchi, Prince Poniatowski, Madame Fould, Madame de Breteuil, the Princess Troubelskoi, and other fashionables, foreign and native, together with all the artistic and literary world, among whom were Mario, and M. Flotow, the composer of *Martha*. Many of Rossini's friends endeavoured to persuade him to be present at the first representation, but he would not listen to the proposal, and to the most pressing of them replied, "I have given my permission, but don't ask me to be an accomplice." The opera, or more properly farce—*farsa tutta per ridere*—was received with immense applause. The music is described as fresh, natural, graceful, melodious, and full of reminiscences; some of the *morceaux*, indeed, containing the germs of airs and concerted pieces in the composer's most popular works. Nevertheless, enough remains to show that Rossini, if not in possession of his full powers when he wrote the *Bruschino*, was beginning to try the wings of his inspiration, and gave indications of a style so soon to work a serious change in operatic music. The execution was but indifferent, M. Duvernoy alone being found equal to the florid music. Mdlle. Dalmont, whom the *Revue et Gazette Musicale* terms "La Sontag du Passage Choiseul," was considered promising rather than accomplished in the soprano part. The

opera, no doubt, will have a long run, everything being done to give it a permanent footing on the stage, the dresses, decorations and scenery being most admirable, and the orchestra, under the direction of M. Offenbach, efficient.—At the Opéra-Comique, *Fra Diavolo* has been revived.—At the Théâtre-Lyrique, a new comic opera, in three acts, has been produced with success. It is entitled *La Demoiselle d'Honneur*, the music by M. Théophile Semet, words by MM. Mestépès and Kauffmann.

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—*The New York Times* speaks very favourably of the last concert given by this society, at which, among other things, Mendelssohn's symphony in A major, Professor Bennett's overture, *The Naiads*, and Weber's overture to *Der Freischütz* were very well played, by a band of forty performers, in the Athenæum room. The minuet and trio in the symphony were encored. A solo on the pianoforte by Mr. Hoffman was also encored, and the *andante* from "Beethoven's sonata for piano and violin" (Did Beethoven only write one? Ed. M. W.), by the same gentleman and Mr. Burke, gave much satisfaction. There was also some singing (mediocre it appears) by a Madlle. Cairol. At the next concert (January 20) the 7th symphony of Beethoven, the overture to *Guillaume Tell*, and an overture by Herr Rietz, of Leipsic, will be given. "The Brooklyn audience"—adds our transatlantic contemporary—"separated, rejoicing that they had not to cross the ferry, and elated with the consciousness of a Philharmonic Society of their own." When will our "Brooklyn"—transpontine London—be able to exult in a like distinction?

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The width and height from top to base,
It seems too small for such a place.
Majestic grandeur on its face,
It still can send forth pow'r to fill
The spacious fabrics at its will.
Its great organ whose stops blend fine,
The diapasons rich, divine,
Their treble notes both sweet and round,
The bass so deep, full, and profound.
When the five gravest, lowest notes
Are held down, on the air sound floats,
Filling pious minds with wonder,
Awful, deep, like distant thunder!
The swell, in kind both rich and sweet,
From soft to loud the ear doth greet
With sounds delicious, when subdu'd,
By tasteful playing notes endu'd.
The stop diapason in the great,
As solo to it yields a treat,
Of sounds so clear and delicate,
Seem in effect to triplicate.
The same nam'd stop that's in the choir,
Unlike the full organ with fire,
Is soft and mellow with the voice
In solo, quartet—take your choice.
The pedal pipes so round and deep,
Add breadth as with full chords they creep,
When blended with the loud or swell,
They in the anthem chorus tell.
And when its utmost stretch of pow'r
Is heard, as on the ears doth show'r,
Commencing with the lower sounds,
It vibrates, and in air rebounds.
The rising full chord, rich and good,
O'erwhelms, pours forth like as a flood
Its harmony, the heart doth troul,
To heav'n its strains doth waft the soul.

HAYDN WILSON.

[Will Mr. Haydn Wilson favour us with a fair copy of his poetical works, complete?—ED. M. W.]

RACHEL'S HOUSE IN PARIS.—At her house everything is rich and magnificent, perhaps too *recherché*. The innermost room was blue-green, with shaded lamps and statuettes of French authors. In the saloon, properly speaking, the colour which prevailed principally in the carpets, curtains, and bookcases, was crimson. She herself was dressed in black, probably as she is represented in the well-known English steel engraving of her. Her guests consisted of gentlemen, for the greater part artists and men of learning; I also heard a few titles among them. Richly-apparelled servants announced the names of the arrivals; tea was drunk and refreshments handed round, more in the German than the French style. Victor Hugo had told me that he found that she understood the German language. I asked her, and she replied in German, "Ich kann es lesen; ich bin ja in Lothringen geboren; ich habe Deutsche bücher, sehn Sie hier!" (I can read it; I was born in Lorraine. I have German books: look here); and she showed me Grillparzer's *Sappho* and then immediately continued the conversation in French. She expressed her pleasure in acting the part of Sappho, and then spoke of Schiller's *Maria Stuart*, which character she has personated in a French version of that play. I saw her in this part, and she gave the last act especially with such a composure and tragic feeling, that she might have become one of the best of German actresses; but it was precisely in this very act that the French liked her least. "My countrymen," said she, "are not accustomed to this manner, and in this manner alone can the part be given. No one should be raving when the heart is almost broken with sorrow, and when he is about to take an everlasting farewell of his friends." Her drawing-room was for the most part decorated with books, which were splendidly bound, and arranged in handsome bookcases behind glass. A painting hung on the wall, which represented the interior of the theatre in London, where she stood forward on the stage, and flowers and garlands were thrown to her across the orchestra. Below this picture hung a pretty little book-shelf, holding what I call "the high nobility among the poets:" Göethe, Schiller, Calderon, Shakspeare, &c. She asked me many questions respecting Germany and Denmark, art, and the theatre; and she encouraged me, with a kind smile around her grave mouth, when I stumbled in French, and stopped for a moment to collect myself, that I might not stick quite fast. "Only speak," said she. "It is true that you do not speak French well; I have heard many foreigners speak my native language better; but their conversation has not been nearly as interesting as yours. I understand the sense of your words perfectly, and that is the principal thing which interests me in you."—*Andersen's Story of his Life*.

COMPARATIVE ABSURDITY OF THE SEXES.—A woman may be ugly, ill-made, unamiable, ignorant, or stupid, but she is scarcely ever ridiculous. A thoroughly absurd woman is one of the rarest things on earth; save, indeed, a man, who is not so in a slight degree, in some way or another. Look round the world; you will discover very few women whose perceptions, conversation, dress, deportment, or manners, provoke actual laughter, if we except certain private singers; and this species of absurdity is more calculated to excite pity than irony; it is, moreover, very transient, for it only lasts the space of two or three verses of a ballad or bravura; and then, to the bad vocalist, frequently succeeds the elegant dancer, the graceful coquette, or the intellectual companion. Look at the theatre; how few really comic actresses you find there! And the greater number even of those are considered as such, not because their talent is actually comic, but because the parts which they undertake are filled with burlesque situations, and, above all, played in an exaggerated bonnet, and an unheard of dress, or with an eccentricity of accentuation, or the attendance of a pug dog, a black dwarf, or one of those white slaves known as a snubbed husband. Extravagance is not necessarily absurdity; nor is a caricature always comedy. The most laughter-moving actresses who exist are those who enact simplicity. But, far from appearing absurd, one of them is, on the contrary, only rendered the more charming, in proportion as she exaggerates her innocence and her awkwardness. This absence of absurdity among women, arises from the fact that they may be destitute of beauty, of elegance, of distinction, of manner, of talent, of education, and of wit, without being entirely devoid of grace, attraction, tact, and a wish to please. When a woman has even renounced this hope, a last coquetry remains to her—that of a desire not to be displeasing.—*New York Atlas*.

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